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SERGEANT HOFF: AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
PROF. JOHN F. TARRANT.
CONTINUED.

Until this time and although he enjoyed a sort of independence in his movements, Hoff had always remained attached to his regiment, receiving orders from his officers. As a mark of distinguished honor the minister in taking leave of him, gave him permission to be no longer subject to the orders of any one and to select twelve men subject to his orders alone. This was the very thing Hoff wanted. Now entirely unimpeded in all his movements, he redoubled the boldness of his enterprises, remained out of the camps, passing back and forth across the Prussian lines without cessation. He always carried with him the Adjutant General's pass. Peasants acquainted with every byway and every turn of the road, guided him wherever he wished to go. One of these, Merville, a stone mason, a shrewd and intelligent fellow, was in the service of General Exen. Let ample justice be done to these poor companions—and there are a few left—who sought to make themselves useful and patriotic citizens, by acting as guides or as spies, and who readily and bravely risked their lives in this sphere of duty, where no glory, but that of duty to country, could be the motive. Here indeed the danger and the risk was far greater than that encountered by the ordinary soldier. They had to beware of Prussians, but much more was it necessary to beware of the French national guards and independent corps, who in their too ardent zeal indiscriminately shot friend and foe. One day when he was examining the plaster quarries beyond Nogent, to assure himself that they had not been mined, Merville accidentally encountered some franc tireurs reconnoitering. His blue blouse, cap and basket filled with vegetables, rendered him an object of suspicion and he was arrested. He protested against his arrest in the name of General Exen, and told them where they might find his concealed papers, not far from there, in a certain field and under a large rock, but they would listen to nothing. They had already compelled him to get down upon his knees, and were making ready to shoot him on the spot, when one of the band suddenly became scrupulous. After a few moments reflection, they raised him up, tied his arms and hurried him away to Fort Noisy. Remaining here five days he was sent back. They were deceived, but during this time our Generals had no spies. Guided by Merville, Hoff advanced as far as the first houses of Neuilly sur Marne. Having made a thorough reconnoissance of the number of the enemy, their positions and their works, he determined to make a bold strike. This charming country is admirably fitted for stratagetic surprises in war, as it is thickly covered with thickets and green hedges. Through the midst of it and lined with magnificent trees, runs the Strabourg road, connecting Neuilly and the Grande Rue. Here is the site of a church, built in the style of the thirteenth century. In case of a sortie our artillery would have been stopped in their first steps, forced to take across the fields, but the enemy had not foreseen all. Along the ditches on both sides of the Strabourg road, Hoff caused his troops to advance. Very soon he reached the Grande Rue, a few shots were exchanged, three or four men fell on the Prussian side and the rest fled.

The fight was renewed near the church, but only for a moment. So completely were they taken by surprise, that several persons gathered in the old village café, were amusing themselves in playing billiards, and had barely time to escape through the garden, leaving the balls upon the floor. In the church, where the enemy had established a cavalry post, the altar was defaced, the glass was broken and the sacerdotal vestments torn in pieces and scattered upon the ground. The sergeants first thought was to ring the bell and alarm the fugitives, but the rope was not to be found. Hoff immediately took the necessary steps and ordered two men to climb up into the belfry, others to watch the road towards Mille-Évrad, and the rest to scatter about in the most exposed places.

Nothing however was really accomplished. Towards the left, sheltered by a row of trees, from which it would be difficult to dislodge them, the Prussians had their reserves. Hoff was attacked by them, and with such violence,

that resistance was utterly impossible. Our men retreated in such haste that they were compelled to abandon the two men in the belfry, a private and a corporal named Chanroy, to all appearances a weak and insignificant man, but of well tried courage. Fortunately, no one thought at once of looking into the belfry, but their situation was none the less critical. Looking out from the place where they were crouching down, they had a full view of the situation around them, while under their feet the Prussian cavalry, having re-entered the church, were passing back and forth. A word, a cough, a few falling pieces of plaster would have betrayed them. Only one consolation was theirs, and that was, when it came to the test, to fight without mercy to the very last cartridge and on the narrow stairway of the tower to sell their lives dearly. But Hoff did not forget them. He immediately called for reinforcements from the nearest village. There were sent him a lieutenant and thirty men, all franc tireurs, who placed themselves under his orders. Thus reinforced, the little band set out on their march by the same road, but had to wait until night for operations. Night having arrived, Hoff was the first to dash forward upon the picket. Surprised a second time, the Prussians fled almost without even a show of fight. Our men charged on down the Grande Rue, reached the church, when contrary to all expectation, the two men came out, with pale, emaciated features, and with barely strength to hold their guns. For forty-eight hours they had remained in that tower, exposed to every wind, chilled by the piercing cold, clinging to the wall, daring neither to move or speak, with no nourishment but a biscuit. They staggered like drunken men. They attempted to eat but could not. The trial had been too painful. They were sent to the ambulance, from which neither one ever rose again.

At this time Neuilly was ours. Reconnoitering operations, the enemy had fortified themselves farther beyond in the vast buildings of the Ville-Évrad, a celebrated Lunatic Asylum, where afterwards General Blaise was killed, and where they placed electric lights every night to prevent surprise. They also maintained an advance post on this side of Neuilly. This was stationed at the cemetery situated in a vast plain overlooking the plateau of Arron, and completely detached from every other position.

While Hoff was examining with his glass these Saxon chateaux, the thought occurred to him, that he could at night slip around in the rear of this post by creeping along in the ditches, and with a little boldness and strategy he could take them completely by surprise. So when it was night, our men, as usual, creeping along on all fours, directed their course towards the cemetery. To approach the gate was not to be thought of, for that was barricaded, but the best method was to go around the wall and gain the breach used by the enemy for an entrance-way. In this immense plain, all bare as it was, it was impossible to move without being seen. They moved on, however, and were just turning the wall, when a loud, *Who goes there?* was heard. *Be quiet!* a Saxon officer replied Hoff, in German. The sergeant dashed forward immediately, his men following. A terrific hand to hand combat took place there in the midst of the tombs. In a moment almost, a score of Saxons fell all with their throats cut, while the remainder of the post fled panic stricken.

What must have been the anger of the Germans, as well as terror, in the presence of such a foe as Hoff! A simple testimony to this fact will enable one to judge of its intensity. To the right of Ville-Évrad, on the road-side, stands a little low house, with three holes in the wall, and above them this inscription: "I am compelled to die very young for the King of Prussia. Albert Lofardt, Saxon." There it is in that beautiful Gothic writing, with its long slanting letters, examples of which are to be found every where, alas! defacing the walls of our houses and marking the route of the enemy from the Rhine to Mayenne. The name, Albert Lofardt, was repeated two or three times. Poor Saxon chasseur, during your long waking hours of picket duty on French soil, the success of your native Germany and the glory of old King William, mattered little to you, since it could not guarantee you any security to you while in this dangerous proximity to Sergeant Hoff!

About this time Hoff suddenly disappeared, nobody being able to tell what had become of him. His disappearance was the cause of many strange suppositions in Paris. For several days preparations had been making for a grand sortie towards the Marne, and the Sergeant being ordered back to his corps, he fought on the left in the two days' battle at Champsigny, and while fighting in the ranks was captured. Astonished that he should ever permit himself to be taken prisoner and asking him about it, he replied: "That is surprising to me too. I found I was very much astonished myself for I had heretofore made up my

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mind never to surrender, but what help was there when we do not always do what we promise ourselves. I will tell you just how it happened.

"On the thirtieth everything was going well with us. We had crossed the Marne, captured Petet-Bry, not without loss, however, and in the evening when we stopped, I was placed on picket duty with my company immediately in front of the park of Villiers, you know it well, that great white wall which crosses the plateau and where our Zouaves stopped. During the whole night our artillery thundered around Villiers. As soon as daylight appeared, I fully thought we were to move forward. With my men, I had already moved on. I suddenly came upon the Prussians, only ten paces from me and lying in their rifle pits. We could see the very whites of their eyes, but they did not fire, and I did not know what to make of it. I sent to the rear for instructions, and I received for an answer that I was not to fire upon them, as an armistice had just been concluded. The order was all according to military regulations.

"We set about taking up the dead and wounded, of whom there were many on both sides, but the German loss was greater. I met one of their Majors who said to me: Ah, yes, you fellows have given us much work to do! Then with his field glass, he looked over the plain covered with snow, trying to recognize his own men. Near a deep ditch was the body of a Saxon General lying by the side of his dead horse, surrounded by a heap of fifteen wounded French and Germans. Here they had lain in the cold all night, and several had frozen to death. When I came up, a Prussian was in the act of giving drink to a *Moblie*, who, with his leg shattered by a shell, was dying in great pain. A little farther on, along the hedges, in the midst of the vine, great dark files of artillerymen were lying dead. Their comrades were engaged in burying them. The trenches dug for the dead bodies were scarcely a foot deep, as the ground was frozen hard, but under the head of each dead body was placed a loaded shell. This seemed to be a custom with that corps, so that when hereafter their bones might be found, they could be recognized as artistries. Litter bearers, with the red cross on their arms, were passing to and fro. Ambulances were continually coming up empty and returning full.

"It is all very well and very humane to take care of the wounded, but while all this was being done the Prussians were reinforcing. We saw long dark lines of men continually passing through the woods and massing themselves on our front. As for me, I was furious. I knew these were their reserves just arrived and to-morrow we would be beaten. I was not mistaken.

"The next morning, about five o'clock, just as I was proceeding to take my cup of coffee, for I desired to be ready for any event, a cry of arms was heard on the left. The advanced guard had been surprised. My regiment, fortunately, was safe in Petit-Bry, but we were flanked. For a moment we fought with only our side arms, and in this brush I received a bayonet thrust in the left arm from a Saxon chasseur. Meanwhile a panic had seized upon our men. My Captain and the most of them dashed to the right and made a bold attempt to join the main force. Very few of us succeeded in fighting through and reaching the line. I occupied myself in rallying the remainder. One of them, overcome by terror, was lying upon the ground in a furrow and holding his head in his hands as if he were to see or hear anything. He was the tailor of the company. 'Come, get up,' said I to him, 'take this gun and follow me.' I handed him the gun of a man killed near us. As he did not stir, I struck him across the head with the butt of my musket and with such force that the blood flowed freely. He rose immediately, took the gun and followed me. I met him afterwards in Germany and could not resist laughing at him a little.

"I succeeded in collecting a handful of men and by disposing of them as skirmishers and debouching towards the right, we attempted to get out of the trap, but as we neared the park of Petit-Bry, we found it occupied by the enemy and that it was impossible to go any farther. Before us, behind us, on each side of us, wherever we looked nothing was to be seen but Prussians. You will know the ridge extending from the village of Bry to the plateau of Villiers. Half way up the ridge, the side is covered with vineyards and orchards interspersed with

ing rates are charged, payable quarterly, in advance, either at the mailing or delivery office:

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Newspapers and circulars dropped in to the office for local delivery must be prepaid at the rate of one cent for two ounces, and an additional rate for every additional two ounces or fraction thereof; and periodicals weighing more than two ounces are subject to two cents, prepaid at the letter-carrier office.

The postage on regular papers, etc., must be paid in advance, either at the place of delivery, to the carrier, at the office, otherwise they will be chargeable at transient rates.

BOOK MANUSCRIPT.

Book manuscript passing between authors and publishers requires prepayment at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

Manuscript intended for publication in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, etc., is subject to letter rates of postage.

GENERAL RULES.

Full prepayment by stamps is required on all transient printed matter, foreign and domestic.

All letters not prepaid by stamps, all such as are received in the office with stamps cut from stamped envelopes, or with such postage stamps as were in use prior to 1861, or with revenue on them are treated as unmailable and sent to the Dead Letter office.

Letters which have not been delivered can be forwarded without additional postage upon a written request.

Letters once delivered from a postoffice cannot be recalled without prepayment of postage.

Department postage after June 30th, 1873, will be prepaid by special stamps, prepared and furnished by the Post-office Department.

It will, nevertheless, become important for correspondents of the several departments and bureaus to fully prepay their postage after the 30th of June next. Of course the local officers and agents of the departments will be instructed to this effect.—*Postal Record.*

A Broken Tally.

From the Titian Press.

[The cash must accompany all tales and poetry published in this department.]

The following extract is a portion of a thrilling story of love, revenge, and blood, and of bones that the local editor received yesterday from a talented young writer, whose star is in the ascendant, and beginning to twinkle above the hills of Red Hot. Our usual custom heretofore has been to publish original tales at our regular advertising rates of so much per line, and as we are determined not to deviate from this rule, we only print as much of the story as four dollars and forty cents enclosed by the fair authoress will pay for:

A SILVER MONKEY WRENCH; OR THE LOST BULL WHEEL—A TALE OF THE PIPE LINE AND THE TEAMSTERS' CRUSADE.

The late September twilight was loath to leave the faintly starred, dim blue Heaven. Waifs of fragrance floated down over the town of Titusville from the sweet scented cedar works of the hill brewery, midst the golden jungles of sun-sauerkraut in the raw. Low above the ragged line of forest that fringed Kerr's Hill hung the young silver crescent.

Two lovers stood at the garden gate. The woman fresh and fair as that of the Sistine Madonna, and from the same cause—painted, laid by a master hand. You can (if not near sighted) see distinctly the lustre richness of her hazel eyes as the soft light of the new moon falls aphant her aquiline nose. The man is handsome, too; tall and symmetrical as a telegraph pole, well shaped, and muscular as the sheet iron statue of William Shakespeare or Parsall Opera House, and with a face of graceful contour, slightly oval, like that of a husband squashed. It is Elise De Ferguson's voice that breaks the stillness of the gloaming.

"And so Paul, you have signed the contract not to drill any more wells for thirty days?"

"Yes! Yes! of course, I have," he murmurs, as he takes her hand in his while murmuring his words, and at the same time removing a chew of fine cut, and stoops to kiss her white forehead that glimmers in the moonlight.

"But what are you going to do for a living?" said the unsuspecting maiden.

Elise did not see the sinister smile that flitted across Paul's face as he heard the question, nor did she catch the muttered words, "three queens beats one pair," that fell from his lips.

This is all of the above interesting story that can appear in these columns. We regret it but its business, and if we commence any relaxation from our rules Bret Hart, Joaquin Miller, Fannie Fern and Walt Whitman would fill our columns check up every day. The public must be protected, and unless we receive another installment of very hard (looking) cash the reader may consider the tale finished.

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The Happiness of Shaking Carpets—A Story of the Kentucky News Man Tells a Little Story.

The annual ceremony of taking up, whipping, and putting down carpets is almost upon us. It is one of the ills which flesh is heir to, and can not be avoided. You go home some pleasant spring day, at peace with the world, and find the baby with a clean face and your favorite pudding for dinner. Then your wife tells you how much younger you are looking, and says she really hopes she can turn that walking dress she wore last fall, and save the expense of a new suit, and then she asks if you can't just help about taking up the carpet. If you are a fool, and you generally are by that time, you tell her of course you can, just as well as not. Then she gets a saucer for tacks, and stands and holds it, and then you get the claw and go down on your knees, and begin to help her. You feel quite economical about the first three tacks and take them out carefully and put them in the saucer. Your wife is good about holding the saucer, and beguiles you with an interesting story about how your neighbor's little boy is not expected to live until morning. Then you come to the tack with a crooked head, and as it won't do to leave the tack in the floor, because it will tear the carpet when it is put down again, you go to work and skin your knuckles, and get a sliver under your thumb nail, and tell your wife to shut up about that everlasting boy, and make up your mind that it does not make any difference about that tack, and so you begin on the corner where the carpet is doubled two or three times, and has been nailed down with a shingle nail.

You don't care a continental about saving the nail, because you find that it is not a good time for the practice of economy; but you do feel a little hurt when both claws break off from the claw, and the nail does not budge a peg. Then your manhood asserts itself, and you raise in your might and throw the carpet claw at the dog, and get hold of the carpet with both hands, and the air is full of dust and flying tacks, and there is a fringe of carpet yarn all along the mop board, and the baby cries, and the cat goes anywhere, anywhere out of the world, and your wife says you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so—but that carpet comes up. Then you lift one side of the store, and your wife tries to get the carpet from under it; so you try a new hold, and just after your back breaks the carpet is clear. You are not through yet. Your wife don't tell you any more little stories, but gets your old coat and hangs it on you, and opens the back door and shows you out, and intimates that the carpet needs whipping. When you hang the tormenting thing across the clothes line the wrong way, and get it righted and have it slide off in the mud, and hang it up again, and get half a pint of dust and three broken tacks snapped out of the northwest corner into your mouth by the wind, you make some observations which you neglected to mention while in the house. The first blow hides the sun and all the fair face of nature behind a cloud of dust, and right in the center of that cloud with the wind square in your face, no matter how you stand, you yield that cogged until both hands are blistered, and the milk of human kindness curdles in your bosom. You can whip the carpet a longer or shorter period, according to the size of your mad, it don't make any difference to the carpet, it is just as dusty and fuzzy and disagreeable as it was when you commenced. Then you bundle it up, with one corner dragging, and tumble it into the house, and have more trouble with the stove, and fail to find any way of using the carpet strecher while you stand upon the carpet, and fail to find any place to stand off the carpet, and then you get on your knees again, while your wife holds the saucer, and with blind confidence hands you broken tacks, crooked tacks, tacks with no points, tacks with no heads, tacks with no leathers, tacks with the biggest ends at the points. Finally the carpet is down, and the baby comes back, the clock comes back, the dog comes back, and your wife smiles sweetly, and says she is glad that job is off her mind. As it is too late to do anything else, you sit by the fire and smoke, with the inner confidence that you are the meanest man in America.

The next day you hear your wife tell a friend that she is so tired, that she took up and put down, all by herself, that greathavy carpet yesterday.

GEN. GRANT is reported to be worth over two hundred thousand dollars. Its strange that any one would come in and disturb a question which was generally agreed as settled. We thought it was understood that Grant was worth less.

—*Glascow Times.*

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DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER,

J. W. TATE,
OF FRANKLIN.

SOME of the New England members of Congress have suddenly grown intensely Democratic. In fact, the spirits of Jefferson and Calhoun are invoked to teach them sledge-hammer logic on the long mooted question of the power of Congress to carry on a system of internal improvements in the States. As might have been rationally expected, this new-borne opposition to latitudinarianism was conceived in a spirit of hostility to the St. Louis Convention of Western Congressmen. New England had but few representatives there. Many who remained away have already begun to canvass the propriety of a general consultation to determine the position the East should take in the event their belief should prove to be well founded, that the West and South demand Congressional action. It is to the Western members to say, that while the object of the Convention in part, was to discuss such measures as would conduce to the commercial prosperity of the West and South, they deny that there was or is any purpose to influence Congress to take any action in the premises. In fact, many of the attendants of the Convention have been life-long Democrats, who opposed Henry Clay in the height of his fame and influence, upon this old question of Congressional power with reference to internal improvement. It would be singular enough now, especially after the experience of the last ten years, if they surrender their old position and fortify upon the enemy's ground. The Eastern representatives, however, shake their heads, in a doleful way, and say that it is the initiative of a concerted movement to commit the general Government to gigantic schemes of improvement for the West. Hence their recent scruples on the powers of Congress.

SECRETARY RICHARDSON, of the United States Treasury, has announced his purpose to break up the system of nepotism, that has prevailed in his department since the administration of President Grant first began. He has given ear to the series of complaints that have been made in numerous instances, where two or more members of the same family are employed in the same department, and with much less claim to consideration than others who have been unable to obtain positions. The secretary has given out, that in all such cases, he will ask for the resignation of all but one member of a family. Under the peculiar circumstances of his situation, the secretary is entitled to the fullest commendation for this course. If he could only be sustained by the Chief Executive in this system of reformation, the country might hope to see an improvement in the manner and conduct of the various civil departments of the Government. Men should be appointed to positions of profit and trust on account of their fitness. No other motive should be given; and another motive, if carried into execution, could possibly have a better effect upon the general interests of the country, which are to be subserved by public officers. These are self-evident truths, and were recognized by every President and head of departments up to the year 1868. But the author of nepotism still pursues his headstrong course, unaided by the varied interests he is thwarting by keeping in public offices men who are notoriously incompetent, for no higher or better reason than that they are relatives.

POSTAL CARDS are now all the go. The Washington City post-office has already sold over one hundred and seventy-five thousand. The department is advised that in all the large cities, the sales are much greater than was anticipated, and it will not be able to supply all the orders for some days yet. We notice that the Claim Agents in Washington City, who have purely business communications to make with the local agents, have begun the use of this cheap method of correspondence. The card is but a fraction larger than the size of a stamp, and contains on one side space for a cent stamp, which is printed on, with appropriate space for the address. The other side is blank, and is designed for the communication. For the benefit of the Crab Orchard race course and the Young Men's Christian Association, we will add that the size of a card is about three and a half by two and a half inches.

FOR once, in the history of the Government, foreign missions have "gone a begging." Judge Pierpont, of New York, was tendered the Russian Mission by the President, but after consultation with the President and Secretary Fish, declined to accept upon the ground that he could not afford to surrender a practice worth one hundred thousand dollars per annum, for an official position worth only twelve thousand dollars per annum, and honor thrown in by way of good count. The universal verdict is, that the Judge's head is level—quite level.

Cholera in New Orleans.

The Courier-Journal of yesterday says in reference to the report of Cholera at New Orleans: "Our fears concerning the introduction of cholera from New Orleans, by way of water transportation or by railroads, were not groundless. The steamer *Kentuckian* of the 20th ult., which passed yesterday from New Orleans to Cincinnati, landing at our wharf, had several cases of Asiatic cholera aboard. We learned there were three deaths on board before the boat reached this place, and that there was one or two others on board not expected to live. The *Kentuckian* passed by Louisville on its way to Cincinnati, and, although a disclaimer was made by the captain that any cases of cholera had made their appearance upon the boat, the statements of the passengers and others leave very little room to doubt the truth of the reports. There is no reason to doubt that cholera is raging in New Orleans. Various rumors, some of them no doubt greatly exaggerated, have reached us here in the city—one that on Saturday last there were seventy deaths from the disease in that city."

Central University.

The amount given the University by Louisville and Anchorage, added to the unconditional subscriptions to the endowment, makes the total fund raised to this date, a little more than \$230,000. The following gentlemen were elected Curators of the Central University: Rev. Stuart Robinson, D. D. Louisville; Rev. James V. Logan, Harrodsburg; Rev. L. H. Blanton, Paris; Thomas W. Bullitt, Louisville; Joseph Chambers, Lexington; W. C. P. Breckinridge, Lexington; J. M. Myer, Danville, and the following trustees: Bennett H. Young, Louisville; S. P. Walters, Richmond; R. S. Veech, Louisville; J. A. Howerton, Paris; J. Warren Grigsby, Danville.

For Farmers.

The National Grange at Washington City, D. C., of the great agricultural movement, entitled "The Patrons of Husbandry," has appointed Mr. W. H. Rhea to officiate in Kentucky in establishing subordinate granges in this State. He alone is empowered to do so. Mr. Rhea's post-office is at Russellville, Logan county, Kentucky, where letters will reach him for the next few weeks, and from which point he will forward any printed matter of information regarding the objects and purposes of this great farmers' protective organization.

ONE of the grave questions of the age is, whether a married man may be indicted in damages for failing to keep a promise to marry, which, if kept, would necessarily involve him in the commission of bigamy. A case, involving the point, was recently tried in one of the English courts. The facts as developed are substantially these: A ship captain put in to a harbor for repairs, and landed just in time to see a fight. He picked his man and shouted for him. A female, standing near, endorsed him in his choice, which so gratified him that he made an immediate proposal of marriage, which was accepted. He soon started for his home to prepare for the wedding, and, on reaching that "dearest spot on earth," found, to his amazed recollection, that he had one wife. He caused word to be conveyed to his fiancée of the free fight, that he was dead, and she, like a true betrothed, thought it her duty to attend the funeral. When reaching the place of burial she found out the ruse, and sued for damages, receiving a verdict for five hundred dollars.

The point is, if she sued for a breach of marriage contract, how could she, in view of the public policy which the law countenances, recover damages for the violation of a contract which, if kept, would be the commission of a felony. The law does not regard contracts to do an act in violation of law, and will neither enforce them specifically, nor give damages for their violation. At least this is the general rule; but it seems that in this case the general rule did not prevail.

The *Frankfort Yeoman* of Saturday, was accompanied with an eight page supplement, containing a synopsis of all the acts passed by the last General Assembly. The total number of acts passed is 1,119; of which 64 are general and 1,055 local. The *Yeoman* has our thanks for this favor, and for furnishing us, as an exchange, a copy of the *Daily Yeoman*, during the session of the last Legislature.

An Ontario woman was recently killed by two men who were "popped," and a New York woman was killed by a pop that was too much "corned." Very sad to reflect on so sadly.

MESSRS BOWMAN AND VANRON, candidates for the Senate, have filled their recent appointments in Casey county, and are now speaking in Garrard.

JUST received an elegant stock of jewelry at E. R. Chenuault's.

A HADAM, Connecticut, sexton peddles vegetables in the town house beside burials—which we should call Ha-dam strange undertaking.

GO TO the dry goods house of Jno. O. McAllister for spring supplies.

The May term of the Mercer Circuit Court began at Harrodsburg on Monday the 24. The docket was very full, with 216 new cases.

Barber Shop!
COMMERCIAL HOTEL.
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

JOHN W. TURNER, Proprietor.

HAIR CUTTING made a specialty.

STANFORD RETAIL MARKET.

COLLECTED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE D. WEAREN & CO.,
Dealers in
Groceries, Produce, Salt, Confectioneries, Boots and Shoes, Notions, &c.

Beef, sides, 10 to 11	10 to 11
Shoulders, 8 to 9	8 to 9
Butter, 10 to 11	10 to 11
Corn, to choice, 10 to 11	10 to 11
Wheat, 10 to 11	10 to 11
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